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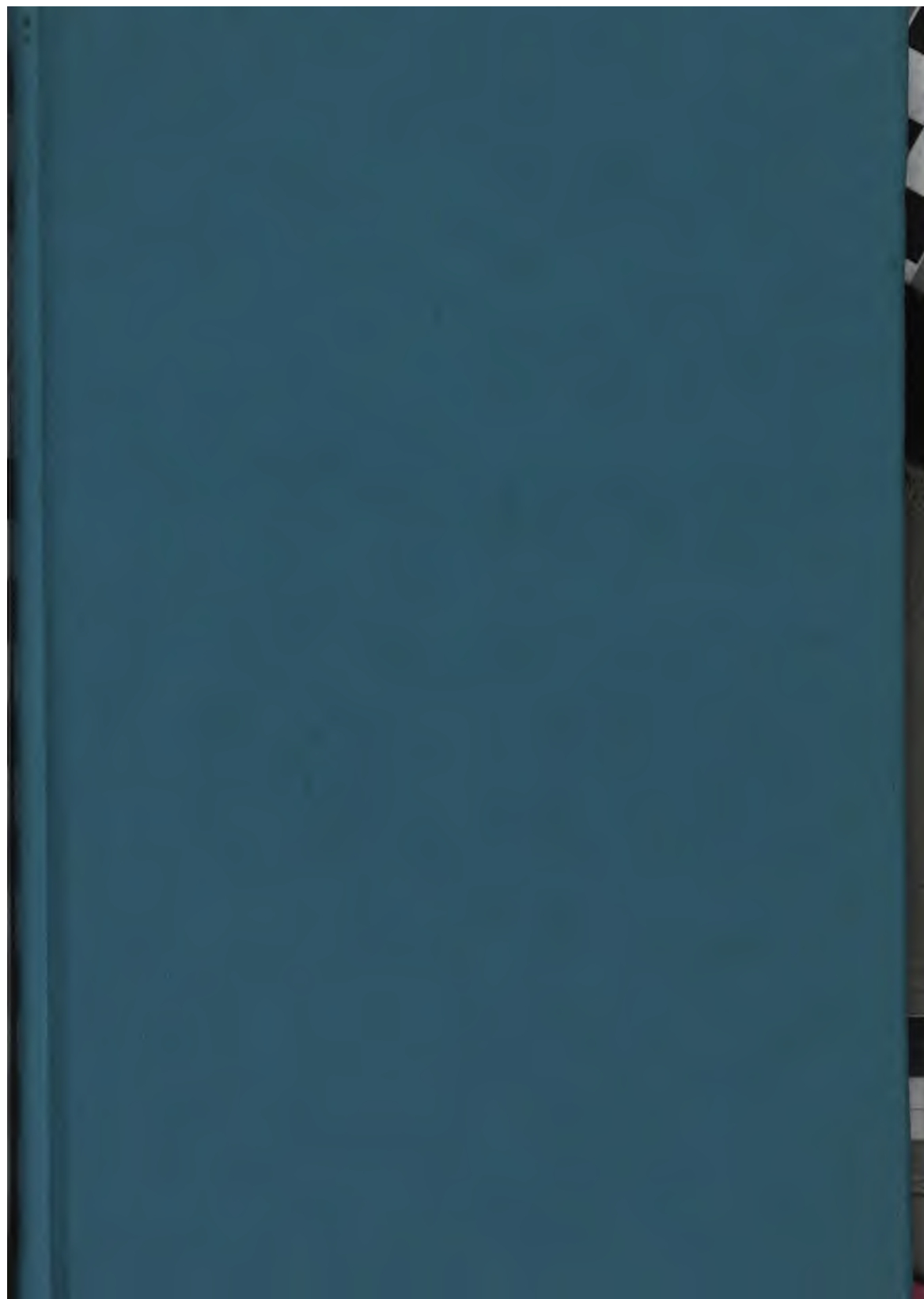
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**Ballade of Rejected MS.  
and  
Other Rhymes**



**Ballade of Rejected MS.  
and  
Other Rhymes**

**Andrew Hussey Allen**  
=



**WASHINGTON  
PRIVATELY PRINTED  
MCMIV**



JS<sup>v</sup><sub>1029</sub>

f<sub>49</sub> B<sub>3</sub>

Of this letter-press book  
thirty copies have been printed  
of which this is No. 10-

A. H. C.

**Ballade of Rejected MS.**  
**and**  
**Other Rhymes**



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*THE rule averred is that the bard  
Reviews the verse he writes himself  
With somewhat kindlier regard  
Than any other on his shelf.  
That 'tis the rule, alas, is true,  
With many a blind subscriber to it—  
But why discuss what bards may do ?  
That is no reason I should do it.*

*The eye paternal that I turn  
On these rhyme-urchins of my quill,  
Is far less fanciful than stern—  
I've never felt the poet's thrill :  
So pray spare not the passing sneer,  
'Twill scarcely daunt the present rhymers,  
Who knows his beer is smallest beer,  
But draws it lacking alt hochheimer.*

•

## BALLADE OF REJECTED MS.

**I**'VE "submitted" my verse and my prose  
To the editor's "reading machines,"  
Yet my name 's unfamiliar to those  
Who subscribe for the best magazines.  
I began to write verse in my teens,  
In the light of fair Erato's face;—  
Now what is it the editor means  
By, "We're sorry we haven't the space"?

Here are madrigals written to Rose—  
'Tis to Rose that my preference leans;  
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,  
And the charms they portray are Fifine's;  
Here's "A Plea for our Gallant Marines"—  
'Twas the Admiral "stated the case";  
Pray, what is it the editor means  
By, "We're sorry we haven't the space"?



Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,  
And weird legends ;—the " limit " still screens  
All I fain to the world would disclose,  
So I clasp my portfolio's shagreens :  
But just here a grim thought supervenes—  
Does my " style " lack acceptable grace ?  
And is that what the editor means  
By, " We're sorry we haven't the space " ?

ENVOY.

Friend,—for you're at the back of the scenes,—  
Does my Pegasus halt in his pace ?  
Can you tell what the editor means  
By, " We're sorry we haven't the space " ?

December, 1887.

To A. D. D.

(With some Rhymes in MS.)

**T**HESE rhymes that, born of idle days,  
Come footsore from a bootless quest,  
Along bronzed fields and stony ways  
By flower of harvest all unblest,—  
Would, half in earnest, half in jest,  
Fain boast their little mission too—  
A pleasant mission, I protest,—  
To lure a friendly smile from you!

1887.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

**A** YEAR ago to-day and I  
Wrote rhymes about her, slyly tender ;  
To-day I watch the fire, and sigh  
And idly kick the polished fender.  
I fain would write as then to-day,  
But I've no pen for loving banter !  
Is she so changed ? Am I astray ?  
Or only *tempora mutantur* ?

She's statelier with me now ; that 's plain !  
I'm prosier grown ? Perhaps I bore her ;—  
Her graciousness becomes disdain  
For him so lately her adorer.  
Alas ! not time alone 's deranged ;  
Still, 'tis not in my heart to blame her ;  
The poet sings, " the times are changed,"  
The proverb runs, "*et nos mutamur.*"

Her fair cheek lacks no tint of rose,  
Her placid ways are still serener,  
Her smiling lips no less disclose  
The dimples Cupid "dipped." I've seen her,  
To other men, with gracious air,  
Give sweetest smiles ;—so changed her will is,  
For me her smiles are chilling, rare,—  
The times are changed, and we *in illis* !

And so to-day, unhappy, I,  
Once chosen servant, subject loyal,  
Sit here before the fire and sigh  
At loss of grace and favour royal ;  
For generous measure once was mine—  
Far more than I had dared to pray for ;—  
What fault it is I can't divine,  
I do this penance day by day for.

*Kismet!* "The wisest bend to fate."  
My sentimental ward-robe 's scanter;  
My tenderer thoughts are out of date,  
*Passée—Ay! tempora mutantur*  
*Et nos mutamur* (mark the rhyme)  
*In illis*, and my heart 's in sable!—  
I threw a main with Father Time,  
*He* went the winner from the table!

ENVOY.

'Tis told. I beg you'll not infer  
From anything in the narration,  
That I presumed to flirt with her—  
We never dreamed about flirtation.  
Her mind was pitched so far above,  
A sort of halo hovered o'er her;  
She entered not the courts of Love;—  
I "kept my distance" to adore her.

November, 1884.

**To Sir THOMAS UPMORE, BART.**

(My Lady's grimalkin, with a present of a collar.)

**Y**OUR natal star, Sir Tom, was Mars!—  
I fancy so, perhaps, because  
I bear the honourable scars  
Of late encounters with your claws.

We should be friendly, and all that—  
A truce to this weird war you wage!  
For you are fair My Lady's cat,  
And I am proud to be her page.

Your "martial cloak" 's without a fleck,  
You sleek Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart.;—  
You wear your badge around your neck,  
And I wear mine around my heart.

January, 1885.

## BALLADE OF THE KING'S WAY.

**M**ANY there be that wait for him,  
Of damsels blithe and courtiers gay,  
Far down the highway's distance dim  
From morning green to twilight gray,  
He passeth by their light array—  
The damsels fair the Knights between—  
No "Vivat!" doth the king betray,  
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him,  
That wait and beat on the breast and pray,  
Beside the rushing river's brim—  
"A shrift! A grace! An hour's delay!"  
No mercy doth their prayer repay;  
Their outstretched palms, their suppliant mien,  
He heedeth not—and blind are they,  
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him  
Or here or there. He will not stay!—  
With footstep firm and visage grim,  
Relentless on his iron way,  
He leadeth the hours day by day  
From twilight gray to morning green,  
And they that wait—wait as they may,  
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

ENVOY.

“Tomorrow he will come,” they say,  
“And golden guerdon shall we glean!”  
But day by day the days decay,  
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

November, 1887.



A RONDEAU TO MABEL.

**W**HEN Mabel smiles two dimples rare  
Her rippling rosy cheeks do bear ;  
Two stars do shine in sweet blue eyes,  
More sweet than summer's bluest skies—  
Less free from lure than free from care !

The archer ambushed in her hair  
Doth wound the wanderer unaware,—  
Plying his artful swift emprise  
When Mabel smiles.

For Mabel's six—and debonnaire ;  
Of woman's wiles hath full her share,  
And 'neath her tinkling laugh there lies  
A heart like any butterfly's—  
'Tis a most serious affair  
When Mabel smiles !

1887.

**BETWEEN THE DARKNESS AND THE DAY.**

(A Valentine to S. F. S.)

**'T**WIXT starlit dusk and bloom of day,  
Love led me down the rosy alley  
That sweeps across the garden gay  
Where drowsy blossoms dream of Sally.

"Goddess," I begged, "one gracious rose,  
"My prosy, halting rhyme to rally!"  
Love paused: "The rarest rose that blows  
"Is dimpled in the smile of Sally."

"A violet then, a-drench with dew,  
"From these that round your foot-prints  
dally!"  
Love smiled: "The deepest violets too  
"Peep at you from the eyes of Sally."

"A lily, swaying on her stalk—  
"Of rose and violet keeping tally!"  
Love laughed along the garden walk—  
"The stateliest lily envies Sally!"

ENVOY.

Bragged Phœbus through the glistening air,  
A-flinging sunbeams down the alley,  
"I filched these from the dusk-gold hair  
"That glorifies the brow of Sally!"

1903.

### CHARADE.

**W**HEN winter woods are bleak and bare,  
When winter winds do bite and blow,  
My First comes rosy, fresh and fair,  
All furred and booted for the snow ;  
My Second, as she's wise, she'll wear  
To shield her dainty ears from woe—  
Jack Frost's a gallant who will dare  
To kiss without the mistletoe !

So clad, the picture of my All,  
She wends her way by mead and wold  
With twinkling feet that lightly fall  
And print the snowy carpet cold.  
My little Maiden's eyes enthrall  
The heart of many a laddie bold ;—  
Come ! peep beneath her hood and call  
By name her graces manifold.

1887.

### GRACE !

**S**HE stands the ivied posts between,  
A pink bud at her throat ;—  
Enter the gardener, grave of mien,  
Bearing my contrite note.

She breaks the seal, gray eyes athirst,  
Her colour comes and goes ;—  
She smiles, and look ! the bud has burst  
Ah ! into such a Rose !

1887.

**A BALLAD UPON AN ENGAGEMENT.**

**Y**ES, John, they've stolen her heart away :  
Our "lovely lily" 's *fiancée*,  
In spite of Stars propitious,  
Two years ago the hills among,  
When you and I her praises sung—  
How dainty, dear, delicious !

The deep gray eyes, the gold-brown hair ;  
The red, red lips—the roses rare  
Her tender cheek that tinted—  
Her thousand charms, the purest of  
The coin of the realm of Love,  
By Cupid, Master, minted.

**I can't forget that constant rent**

**(At risk of being impudent)**

**There just behind her shoulder ;  
She'd "mended it," but, every day,  
The recreant thread *would* break away—  
Who had the heart to scold her !**

**And once her habit, too, was torn ;**

**Or, else, the bridle-knot had worn**

**A little fissure in it—**

**The break lay just across her knee—**

**The day she went a ride with me**

**She asked a pin, to pin it.**

!  
She was enchanting sitting there,  
Half up the hill, the summer air  
    Playing among her tresses,  
As, bending down, she pinned the skirt,  
And laughed back at the breeze's pert  
    And rollicking caresses !

That was two years ago, and now  
I smile as I remember how  
    (They'd ravelled threads "a-plenty")  
She darned the gown with "raveleens"—  
Then she was sweet and "in her teens,"  
    And now she's "sweet and twenty."



I mark me that fair August morn,  
We scorned the paths all travel-worn,  
And wandering, lost our way.  
But oh, the hills were fresh and sweet  
And she—a vision—time was fleet  
That glorious summer's day!

We rode by fields of whispering grain;  
We cantered through a grassy lane,  
Into a wood-way leading  
We loitered down the fragrant aisle,  
And side by side we went the while  
We questioned the proceeding.

We asked a rustic, "Where to town?"  
"You'll find an old road leading down,"  
He answered, "'bout a mile hence."  
So down we turned, a straying pair,  
I building castles in the air,  
She listening in silence.

The way led home. An hour or more,  
We saw you lounging in the door—  
I felt my heart was blighted.  
(I envied *some one*—no, not you.)  
Because, you see, I thought—I *knew*  
*My* "passion unrequited."

And then her solemn *fête à fête*  
With you, when your perverted pate  
    Evolved ideas seditious.  
And how she begged you, "please don't go!"  
When you were bent upon it, Oh,—  
    But John, she *was* delicious!

And how her cheek's shy roses rare  
Would ripple into dimples fair—  
    I would I were a painter,  
That wooing, witching smile to trace;  
For where could limner find a face  
    Fresher, diviner, quainter!

You recollect, as well as I,  
The tennis-cap, set just awry,  
That crimson "Tam o'Shanter"—  
And now they tell us she's "engaged!"  
We're very properly enraged;  
Our lists grow daily scanter.

And so, howe'er *He* may adore,  
We, none the less, must both deplore  
Final capitulation.  
Still, here's the toast—'tis bumpers up—  
But, ere you drink, just tip the cup  
To Fate to pour libation.

November, 1884.

**"NOT ALONE THE NORTHLAND ROSE."**

**(A New Year Greeting to S. F. S.)**

**N**OT alone the northland rose,  
In her lovely cheek that blows ;  
Not alone the starry eyes,  
Blue as Autumn's evening skies ;  
Not alone the heavy tresses,  
Golden with the Sun's caresses,  
Nor the figure tall and slender,  
Quick with graces fine and tender—  
Not these charms alone allure,  
She hath fairer—Be ye sure !

These are but the outward signs  
Of a nature that combines  
With the woman's steadfast mind  
What *she* thinks is left behind—  
Fairest treasure of the child—  
Childhood's trust, still unbeguiled !  
This it is that lures, bewitches,  
More than all her beauty's riches ;  
Lights her eyes, enchants her smile,  
And daunts the worldly-wise the while.

Ah, this grace the Fates bestow  
She may never quite outgrow !  
Childhood's cloud and childhood's sun—  
Who would banish either one ?  
Sally's frowns are lovelier far  
Than smiles of any other are ;  
And if both be rare—why then,  
Dearer when they come again.  
None would change her, no, ah, no !  
Kindly Heaven keep her so !

January 1, 1904.

## CHRISTMAS SNOW.

**A**LL yesterday the boughs were bare,  
And leagues on leagues of brown fields lay  
Uncovered in the frosty air  
'Till after passing of the day.

But in the silence of the night  
Came one that flung, with pitying hand,  
A radiant mantle, wide and white,  
Across the sere and frozen land.

And now, soft-robed in Christmas snow,  
The berried holly snaps and shakes,  
And hearths of Christmas ruddier glow,  
Kriss Kringle, for your dancing flakes !

1888.



**BALLADE OF CHILDHOOD'S FAIRIES.**

**W**HEN a cool wind flows from the drowsy west,  
And the sun goes down, and the shadows die,  
And the sounds of the day are hushed to rest,  
And the stars are lit in the deepening sky;  
Then the tree-toads lift their flickering cry,  
And the crickets chirrup their virelays,  
And I think, at the flash of a firefly:  
These are the fairies of childhood days.

Then the weird owl hoots from a hungry nest,  
And bebies of chattering bats flit by,  
And the frogs in the silent marsh protest  
While katydids bicker on branches high;  
And over the tree-tops far I spy  
The shimmering twinkle of silver rays,  
And the woods awake, and the great pines  
sigh,—  
“These are the fairies of childhood days.”

Then the whippoorwills triple their stern  
behest,  
And the "culprit fay," with a tear at his eye,  
Avers that the honest way is the best—  
Confessing the fault that he can't deny!—  
Invisible legions of wee things lie  
In the hollow hid where the cold stream  
strays,  
And leaves lisp to leaves, as they peep and  
pry,  
"These are the fairies of childhood days."

ENVOY.

"Ho! Robin Goodfellow, your cap's awry,  
And Katydid dear, your cheeks are ablaze!"  
But only the whispering winds reply,  
"These are the fairies of childhood days."

1888.

### CHARADE.

**W**HILE mellow autumn leaves and red  
Dance blithely on their branches high ;  
While sunbeams golden glory shed  
Between brown earth and sapphire sky,  
My First, my blue-eyed lassie's head,  
Beyond the boxwood hedge I spy.

She stands away my Second's space,  
My little maiden shy and fair,  
And 'round her rosy, dimpled face  
The winnowing wind has tossed her hair,—  
A tangled web of yellow lace—  
She has a most important air !

For, look! her tiny arms enfold  
A trophy from the meadow won,—  
My whole in plumes of dusky gold—  
Well done, dear little maid, well done!—  
And then I'm very gravely told  
That "these are feathers from the sun!"

1887.

## THE LURE.

(A Valentine to S. F. S.)

**N**OW the homing winds are circling for their far,  
foreordered flight,

With the dancing snow a-whisper on their  
flanks ;—

Hark, and hear the ghostly hoofs that scar  
the swaying floor of Night

With the rallying of the untamed, tumultuous  
ranks.

Hear the swinging squadrons wheel,  
With their crash of phantom steel,—  
Answering swiftly to the weird, compelling  
call

Of the lingering Ariel note  
On the tossing Dark afloat,  
And the storm—but still the song above them  
all.

## SONG.

**The Winds, in Chorus :**

**For me the rose that breaks and blows  
Beyond the farthest northern star,—  
The trembling, tender-tinted rose,  
Where gardens of the Northland are  
White-walled by leagues of shining snows.**

**The Snow, Softly :**

**'Tis not so long a way to seek,—  
It blooms and blooms in Sally's cheek.**

**The Winds :**

For me the blue, the faery hue  
That warms the great berg's inmost core,—  
The Northland violet glowing through  
The crystal ramparts of the shore—  
Unmet, unmatched, unfathomed blue.

**The Snow :**

' Tis not so far to find ; it lies  
Back of the stars in Sally's eyes.

**The Winds :**

For me the light that floods the night,  
The sombre fjord, the silent wold,  
And Northland meadows vast and white  
With streams of shadowy, glimmering gold—  
In blending waves of dusk and bright.

**The Snow :**

**Now seen, now lost, 'tis hovering where  
The sunbeams hide in Sally's hair.**

**The Winds :**

**For me, for me the wild, the free,  
The baffling shadow of the North,  
That broods beside her storm-swept sea,  
Or fares on flying snowflakes forth—  
Of mysteries the mystery !**

**The Snow :**

**The shadowy spirit, loath to part,  
Is sound asleep in Sally's heart.**



So the wilful winds are fain to bide, by wooing  
whispers lured,

And the joyous snow is dancing, singing still:—

“ Ere we fare upon the journey that is sore to be  
endured,

“ We shall feast our longing, aching sight its fill.

“ We shall kiss the wavering rose

“ In her roseleaf cheek that blows;

“ We shall toss her tresses where the sunbeams  
play;

“ We shall dance before her eyes,

“ In their starlight, Elfin-wise . . .

“ Mount the storm-wraiths that await us, and  
away!”

1904.



***F**AREWELL, dear Muse, if Muse you were,  
Who sat beside my elbow-chair,  
I thought your face was fair—how fair!—  
The while we strung these rhymes;  
But now they're done I'd fain confess  
A doubt about your wakefulness:—  
Alack! their flaws are numberless . . .  
How you did nod sometimes!*

## NOTES



## NOTES.

These rhymes were selected from a hundred or more, and printed merely for the convenience of the writer of them—the multiplication of copies being due to the fact that the type was set. Six or seven of them have been published; one has been rejected by magazine editors, and the rest have never been offered for publication.

*Page IX—Prologue.*—The fashion of this rhyme was suggested by a stanza in Locker's well known "Advice to a Poet," where "sneer," which seems rather a heavy word for very light verse, is, nevertheless, used:

"We all, the foolish and the wise,  
Regard our verse with fascination,  
Through assinine paternal eyes  
And hues of fancy's own creation;  
Prythee, then, check that passing sneer  
At any self-deluded rhymers  
Who thinks his beer (the smallest beer!)  
Has all the gust of *alt hochheimer*."

*Page 1—Ballade of Rejected Ms.*—This Ballade, which was published in the Century Magazine, for March, 1888, was amusingly and cleverly answered in the same Magazine for the following May, by one of the editorial staff.

*Page 8—Ballade of the King's Way.*—This Ballade was published in Scribner's Magazine for February, 1888. The publishers wrote to me that Blashfield, who had seen the MS., desired to illustrate it, but they feared that he had misinterpreted it. He had, decidedly. In my answer, I suggested, with tactful patience, that there seemed to be no very urgent demand for anything along the line of the artist's interpretation, beyond an occasional translation of *II. Carm. XIV.—Ad Postumum*, which really contained about the last word on the subject, and that I had not the vaguest intention of camping upon the trail of Q. H. Flaccus with my patter of rhyme. I need hardly add that my little ballade was left to steer its pinnacle unaided, although it is pleasant to remember that after being several times kindly hailed, it finally made safe harbour, with many a braver craft, at "The Port of Missing Ships."

*Page 13—Charade (Maidenhood).*—These rhymes were written in a schoolgirl's album. The Charade is irregular—the First Part being the two syllables of "maiden". Both parts appear by design in the second stanza.

*Page 14—Grace!*—These rhymes appeared in the 1887 Christmas number of "The American Magazine," in a slightly different form. The editor desired my permission to make certain changes in the original and to drop one stanza, and I gave it—I do not know why; nor do I know how I came to offer anything to "The American Magazine." There were originally three stanzas. The third seems to have been permanently "lost in the shuffle." The two printed here are as they were originally written. Shortly after this number "The American Magazine" breathed its last. Whether its passing was by being broken on the wheel or not, I never knew.

*Page 22—"Not Alone the Northland Rose."*—These lines were suggested by a frown, which their writer would hardly have missed for all the smiles in Arcady. They were sent with the abiding hope that the subject of them had not the least intention of turning over any new leaf at all for the New Year.

*Page 25—Christmas Snow.*—These three stanzas were written *impromptu* (somewhat obviously so!) on a Christmas card for a child, one snowy Christmas morning in the country.

*Page 28—Charade (Goldenrod).*—This charade, like that on page 13, is irregular, the First Part being the two syllables of "golden". It was written for a very charming, very little girl, who used the phrase in the last line.



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